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# The Twilight Pianist



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## Chapter 1 by Story Wars

The first time I saw her, I literally stopped breathing. I stared, asphyxiated, at her beautiful face, framed perfectly by her shining golden hair. Her smell was intoxicating, like spring lilies after a light rain. There she sat, in the middle of the sparkling hall, fingers dancing over the keys of the piano, engaged in an intricate dance with the musical instrument. She was playing Chopin's Second Scherzo, a wonderful piece with delightfully joyful tones. Perspiration glistened on her forehead as her delicate eyelashes fluttered with concentration. She finished with a flourish and lifted those flawless fingers as the last chord hung in the air, like a beautiful angel. I continued staring, transfixed, even after the chord has long been finished, even after the moment has long since passed, even when she started staring at me with a look mixed with curiosity and disgust. I was in love.

## Chapter 2 by Phantim



Oh how I wished I wasn't deaf. How I longed to hear her music, not just feel the vibrations rolling over me through the air. How I longed to hear her angelic voice, not just read the rhythm of her plump pink lips.

I sigh, what chance do I have with a girl like that? A handicap like me? I turn away and head over to the bar at the back of the restaurant. I order myself a glass of champagne. When I feel a small hand on my shoulder, I turn back and raise my eyes in surprise.

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"Sorry to bother you. But did you hear me? You are Mr. Goldblum aren't you? The owner here? Did you enjoy the show?" she says, I focus on her lips reading the words.

How embarrassing... having the perfect chance to talk to her, but not wanting to speak... they always had made fun of my voice.

"No.. That is my father... but I did enjoy your performance very much. You are a very gifted and beautiful pianist." I say with my slurred accent.

A surprised look comes over her face, then suddenly her hands move in a blue - Sorry, are you deaf? she signed to me.

I am amazed. This wonderful, beautiful, talent girl knows sign language. A smile spreads across my face.

### Chapter 3 by Hailee Sexton



I signed the basic ASL word for yes.

She sat down, and ordered a glass of white wine. She started signing. She told me her name was Sandra Hickshul. 23 years old. Swedish. I was so intrigued by her angelic ways and fragile features.

Although, I was only paying attention to half of what her hands were doing.

I was watching the rest of her.

The way her hips swayed when she moved in her seat.

The way her pink lips shimmered when she talked.

She was everything I'd ever dreamed of.

I wondered if she liked me. Wondered if she would marry me. If we'd ever have any kids.

My thoughts were interrupted when a tall, muscular guy came over. Drunk.

He was about the average Friday-night-drunk-guy.

I'd seen him here before, and he'd seen me. He knew I was deaf. He came up to me and told me to get up. I didn't. My butt was glued to the seat.

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I probably shouldn't have done that.

"Oh, and what're you gonna do about it, huh?" He said.

I tried to think of something to say. There wasn't really much I could do.

Suddenly he tried to throw a punch at me and his fist just missed my face. But, it hit Sandra. She fell out of her seat and onto the dusty floor. I couldn't believe it! The drunk guy looked pretty shocked as well.

I had to do something. I yelled for help. Everybody just looked at me like I was crazy. Like there wasn't a beautiful, knocked-out girl on the floor. I stared at the people. I just couldn't believe they weren't doing anything. I couldn't let this happen to her. Not her. I looked back at the spot where she was laying, and I realized why everyone thought I was crazy. There was no one there. No Sandra. No drunk guy. No one. Just me. Sitting alone. Still, yelling for help.

#### Chapter 4 by R



I saw her again the next night, sitting at the piano. I didn't think I would given, given everything that had happened last night. My father was worried - a therapist had been mentioned.

Still, she was there, playing a song I couldn't hear. Her movements were beautiful, graceful, and elegant. It looked as if she was dancing with herself and the keys.

'About' 'Last' 'Night', she signed, walking over to me when I didn't stand up to congratulate her on her performance. I could see that no one was watching her, now. I knew that she was a hallucination, too perfect to be true.

'What' I questioned, only halfway looking up from my drink. I didn't need to talk to hallucinations right now. I wasn't nearly drunk enough.

'I' 'Sorry'. She replied, eyes downcast. 'I' 'Should' 'Have' 'Speak' 'To' 'You'. 'About' 'Me'.

"What is there to know?" I mumbled quietly in to my drink. I didn't even care like my voice was slurring. She was my hallucination, she couldn't judge me.

She didn't reply just walked up to one of the many old photographs on the wall. They had come with the place when my father had bought it. He kept them for the feel of the place.

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There, in one of the pictures I had never seen before, was Sandra at the Piano while the man I had seen last night sung center stage. They were dressed in old clothes, her in a long and sparkly dress that must have been colorful, but was gray in the photo, and him in a snazzy old fashioned suit.

"That's-" I started, my the words weren't forming for me, or maybe they were and I just wasn't focusing on hearing them. I pointed towards the picture in shock. 'That' 'You'? I questioned her, confused.

Sandra didn't respond to that, her eyes turning from me to stare wistfully at the picture. It was definitely her, I could tell, from this ancient photo from half a decade in the past.

### Chapter 5 by Iela Santiago



I reached a hand out to touch her, and she looked at me with those sad doe eyes, lips pursed. Her eyes closed for a moment. My finger briefly touched skin--warm, pale, living--then suddenly, air. Nothing but air.

My hand lingered just for a while, prone and empty. Then I turned and walked away, pushing past warm, thriving bodies and into the cool night air.

I paused, turned my collar up against the wind. Not cool, no. Cold. It was cold.

### Chapter 6 by Serena



I thought I had found the perfect woman. I was in love with Sandra Hickshul. I was in love... with a ghost. A ghost. I wasn't much of a religious person. This couldn't be real, I was going crazy again. Maybe I should be strapped down to a bed in the mental hospital.

But I didn't want to ever go back. After my mom died when I was only eight years old, I started seeing her. In the kitchen, brewing coffee. Sweeping the floors. Putting on makeup at her vanity. Father found out and sent me away. I came back when I was twelve.

But I didn't stop seeing her. I saw other people, too. I could see Gran and Gramps. They would smile at me like I was life's treasure. See more of Story Wars and at night. But I never told Father.

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And there I was, years later, twenty one years old. Still seeing these.. things. Usually, they were easy to distinguish. They had sort of a yellow glow around them, like angles you would see after you died. But Sandra looked so real. Her olive skin glowed with such warmth that I could almost feel her body heat when I was around her.

"Son, is that you?!" Father pulled his sleek, black car up next to me.

### Chapter 7 by Serena



She leaned in toward me, so close I could smell her sweet lavender perfume, her fruity lipstick. Her long golden hair tickled the sides of my face. She closed her delicate eyelids. And Sandra kissed me. She pressed her soft, full lips onto mine and a million fireworks exploded in my chest, leaving me lightheaded and drunk with passion.

"WUH!" I jolted awake right as my dream started to heat up. Suddenly, I felt empty and sad and angry all at the same time. I'm such a loser. I'd never find anyone. Not a living, breathing human at least. Pathetic. I loved someone who I could never be with. No marriage, no children. As far as I knew, only I could see her and she probably had died sometime after the 1920's. She was young. She looked young.

### Chapter 8 by Jessica Hudson



A few nights later, I stared sadly at the piano, wondering where my beloved ghost was now. I hadn't seen Sandra in three days, and I was worried out of my mind. My cold eyes rested blankly on the strange girl sitting at the piano now. She was normal. Nothing out of the ordinary. She had shining brown hair that fell to her shoulders, and quite dull brown eyes. She was nothing compared to the brightness that came from Sandra whenever she was around. She gave off no feeling of warmth and homeliness.

That night, I didn't drink at all. I had decided that I would find Sandra by myself. I knew she wouldn't just leave me, I had to find a way to go back, and find out why her spirit couldn't find peace.

One thing I did do that night, was meet an amazing guy called Magnus Gille. Magnus was a lover of all things fabulous, sparkly shiny and extravagant. As well as ghosts. I knew he would be the

one to help me find Sandra once more.

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